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Luncheon

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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

You never had much in common with him except for your shared, unironic love for the school's "Taco Tuesdays".

Maybe that's all you needed.

Chapter 2 by romantiCaveman



Personally, you'd go for everything. Stuff the shells full of ground beef, cheeses, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, and let sauces drizzle into all those nooks and crannies. Hard shells were always the way to go; soft rolls just didn't have that crunch. You secretly loved it when the hard shells would snap in your hand and you'd get to spoon up all the sweet fat.

It was all so stupid. Stupid to fall so easily in love with hunger--human hunger--after all you'd seen in a universe so far away from this one.

Chapter 3 by R



She - she had different tastes. For her each taco was a work of art, the toppings arranged for

maximum flavor by order and positioning. It was never the same taco twice, and each felt like something worthy of a museum. She was messy, but she never seemed to get anything on her hands. It was messy, despite never seeming to stain anything.

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Other people, they'd criticize the schools. Say how fake and how bad the food was. She would get a distant look in her eye. You don't know what it means, but you could only guess what she'd seen in her life to give her such a gaze.

You wondered if it was anything like what you had seen, out there. You wondered if she too had ventured past that brink, to find things unimaginable, to suffer things unimaginable, and to find yourself alive.

No.

It was a Taco Tuesday when you first sat down next to her. You didn't speak, too wrapped up in your respective meals. Her eyes smiled at you, but then they returned to focus down at the Styrofoam tray.

She left before you could ask her name.

Chapter 4 by Windlion



The next day they served Mystery Soup And Plastic Crackers. If you had taken time for breakfast, you would have skipped lunch and gone to the library to read your fave magazines, but your stomach won the debate.

Lucky you! She sat down next to you, inspected the Soup and whispered, "There are worse things where we've been, aren't there? I'm Ryan."

"Ryan? Yes. Yes, there are. It's, it's good to, well ... I never thought I'd meet someone who had been. I'm Terrie. Pleased to meetcha."

She smiled that smile again, and quietly began picking out the wilted vegetables in the soup.

"Uh, Ryan? Sorry to be clueless." You flushed; this was going to be difficult. "When, when I first saw you, I, I was pretty sure you were, well, a guy? But you're a girl, right? It doesn't matter," I finished, ducking my head down. *Lame. Of course it matters.*

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She paused and arched her eyebrows. "So, let me share a little weirdness about your new best friend. I guess that would depend on which you want me to be?"

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